Vol. 25 #

THE CRESCENT

PACIFIC COLLEGE

OCTOBER 1913

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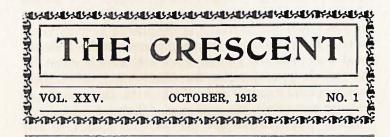
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A Day on the Columbia

For the comfortable enjoyment of ever-varying Oregon scenery a trip down the Columbia is unsurpassed. True, mountain climbing offers to the energetic, views that can be obtained in no other way, but there are many who would be denied the enjoyment of fine scenery if they were forced to climb a mountain trail and carry a heavy pack of provisions and a roll of blankets. To such the river boat is a boon. It is hard to imagine any navigable stream which for broad, majestic curves, rock-bound gorges, fir-clad mountains, fertile valleys, interesting towns and eternal variety surpasses the Columbia between The Dalles and its junction with the Willamette. And the late summer is an ideal time to make the trip.

The first thing to be considered in making a journey by water is time. Never take a boat if you are in a hurry or have to arrive on schedule time. This is especially true if you happen to take a boat which carries both frieght and passengers. Such a craft will

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leave its course and make a landing at the beck of the merest child upon the bank, and then after the business is done leisurely resume its way. There are people who go thru life in a perpetual hurry. For such there are fast boats which rival the ubiquitous locomotive in speed. But even here the law of compensation is steadily at work, and the gain in speed and time is offset by the loss in opportunities for observation: of curious people, quaint hamlets and, what is to the occasional traveler best of all, the ever-new delight of making a landing. Perhaps the last has lost its charm to the seasoned "voyageur," but to the one who comes under the spell of the river "manitou" for the first time the fascination is irresistible. It is never exactly the same. There are no iron rails to guide the vessel to the exact spot where it is to stop. The two elements which determine its course are never in exactly the same ratio. namely, the current and the skill of the pilot. Who can tell just how the approach will be made. Perhaps the landing is a sandy beach and we take it "head on." running the prow far up on the sand; or again we see a dock as we draw near, and we take a wide curve and "face about" before we land, tving up to some gigantic post while we remain.

Not the least interesting thing about making the landing is the element of curiosity. Which one of your companions will we lose? What new ones will we gain? What will be loaded or unloaded? To the real, live human being these are vital questions. As our floating home draws near the little "port," we crowd to the rail jostling in friendly rivalry to catch a first glimpse of our prospective companions. There is the possibility of seeing an unexpected friend; or perhaps they are only potential friends—all the more exciting. Just as

we come alongside the landing we see a brawny deck hand cast out a coil of rope and make us fast. His fellows quickly shove out the gang plank and the disembarking begins. As we see some of our number leave we connot help speculating as to what awaits each one. This one is returning home after a long absence; that one is paying a visit to some friend or relative; a third is weighed down with business as we can tell from the worried expression which he has pulled down over his forehead like an old cap; still another is bent on pleasure —camping, hunting, fishing. But our dreams are soon dispelled. New faces are crowding in upon us, and by a very natural law the old impressions are blotted out by new. Our erstwhile companions fade from mind as from sight, and our idle reflections give place to curious gazing at the new-comers-not rude staring, but just the pardonable desire to know who these people may be that so unceremoniously seek to join our composite familv. For it must be admitted that there is a certain feeling of relationship, of fraternalism, we might almost say ownership, developed among fellow travelers on a ship, which is not found in a hotelor railway coach. And what is true to a marked degree on the ocean liner is found to a lesser extent on the river boats. However, we are always ready to make room for the new-comers. We hope they will feel at home; perhaps we may form a passing acquaintance with them. As the last one steps aboard the gang plank is drawn in, we cast off, farewells are waved by the newcomers to friends on shore, we take a big turn out into the channel and are again on our way. We settle back to watch the panorama of mountain, stream and forest as we glide past them. Some there are who arm themselves with a magazine for such a journey. They select a comfortable seat as soon as we get started, and drawing forth the glaring colors of the "next month's issue" from an innocent-looking satchell, they withdraw into a veritable shell of exclusion and are soon oblivious to all except the printed page. This is all very well for the hotel lobby or even the pullman, but on the river—never! Such persons do not fit in, they are not "en rapport," we merely tolerate them, they are among us but not of us. For such there is no hope.

Not all our passengers, however, are of the "genus homo." For instance, at one landing we take on board a race horse with his equipage of owner, jockey and sulkey. As he steps daintily on board, nervously watching his new surroundings, we see why this high-strung, finely-mettled creature is given the luxury of a boat ride. His nervous system is too delicate to stand the jars and noise of a trip by rail, so in order that he may be in the best possible condition, he is protected from all confusion and excitement. Or, again we lean over the rail of the upper deck while some bearded farmer drives on some cattle headed for the market. They hold back frightened until one in front is pushed onto the gang plank by those behind, when the others suddenly decide to follow the leader and come crowding and jostling all trying to get on at once. How much they resemble human beings, who likewise are prone to hesitate and wait for some one to lead out, and then try desperately to stay with the crowd when it finally does move.

Of course the one event of greatest interest in the trip down the Columbia is passing thru the Cascade Locks. We all rush again to the rail as our craft draws near, eager to see everything, anxious because we can't be forward and aft and on both sides all at once. Per-

haps it is our fortune to meet the up river boat here. If so, we wave greetings to those on board and then turn our attention to the matter in hand. As we watch carefully the great steel gates swing open before us and we enter the locks. Then they close behind us. and lo. we are prisoners! Suddenly our attention is called to the water level and we are surprised to see how much it has been lowered. Where the water gets out is a mystery to us, but it goes steadily down until without warning the lower gate swings back and we are once more free to pursue our way. As we pass out we look back at the rapids and are reminded that this is the ruins of the fabled Bridge of the Gods, which according to Indian lore once spanned the river here. Again we speculate, trying to imagine the scene when, accompanied by a terrible eruption of old Mt. Hood, the gigantic arch crumbled and fell, blocking the channel for generations to come. And still more interesting is the contemporary event—the death of old Chief Multnomah and the downfall of the great tribe of Willamettes. As we sit dreaming someone calls our attention to the beauties of the gorge and we feel a thrill as we realize that we are passing thru the very heart of the Cascades. Then follows a grand succession of giant pinnacles of rock, vapory waterfalls and picturesque gorges, but amid it all the ever-present fish wheel, just to remind us that while the river may have been created for our enjoyment, yet there are those to whom it is a source of livelihood. But it is doubtful if they appreciate the charm of their surroundings as we who merely pass them by.

The river suggests a freedom that the railway can never attain to. Our track is wide; we can turn around in it. The air is fresh and bracing. We can ride inside

or out, in sun or shade. If we get tired sitting down we can walk about, or vice versa. We can occupy forward deck and get the first sight of each new object which lies just beyond the next bend in the river, or we can go aft and be lulled to drowsiness by the constant churning of the immense paddle wheel, meanwhile watching the landmar's slip past and lose themselves in the gray distance. Perhaps we sit beside a fellow traveler and enter into conversation. We need no introduction-what's in a name? We are more interested in where he lives, his destination, where he has been, how he is enjoying the voyage, in short whether he is akin to us in any of the innumerable ways which are possible. But his name—Bah! What care we whether it is Smith or Jones or what-not. It's the man we wish to know, and when we separate, we remember him just as long and pleasantly without a name as with one. The name itself would be so soon forgot, even if we knew it, and nothing gained in the telling. And then, how confidential do we grow with this stranger who has suddenly been thrust into the foreground of our existence. We reveal depths of our characters to him that would surprise, nay, mayhap shock, the friends of years. Perhaps, because we feel safe in the assurance that we will never see this man again.

At last we approach our destination. We see the spires or perhaps the lights of a large city and we begin to lose our calm and patient manner as we anticipate the thrill of the surging city life. We arrive at last, probably one or two, perhaps four or five hours behind time. All is bustle and confusion. We collect our "impedimenta" and hurry down beginning already to feel the restlessness of inactivity, and by the time our feet touch "terra firma" we are again a part of the mad whirl.

But we can never lose the effects of such a day. We have really stopped and calmly enjoyed life for once. Let no one say that day has not been one well spent.

M. D. H.

High School Memories

"O please, sir, wait! wait!" excitedly called a short, stout, little woman, as she bustled down the hotel steps, handsatchel in hand, toward the approaching stage. "Sure, marm," replied the jolly coachman, as he drew up near the steps, "this 'ere coach wont be a-startin' fore ten minutes, so you needn't worry." She smiled pleasantly. All unconsciously she had been tying her veil under her chin, and now having added the fifth knot, she sat down with a thump that might have surprised even a school-boy.

In a few minutes six others had gathered on the veranda, ready to go on a trip up the Sierra Nevadas. "All aboard!" shouted the driver, and the merry crowd drew near the stage, our little short lady in the lead, hurrying as only a plump person can.

"I have engaged the center seat in the second row, for it is the most comfortable," she explained. "That so?" inquired Hans, the driver. "Yes," she replied, "I telephoned ahead." "It's mine," she proclaimed triumphantly as the driver helped her in. "There's one thing certain," thought Hans, "she truly occupies all the space she paid for." Soon all were in.

On either side of Mrs. Sales, for such was the little woman's name, was a young fellow, each contrasting strikingly. The one on her left, a tall, lank, dark, muscular fellow, while her right hand neighbor was a second Billy Bounce, with the addition of a few feet, and a merry twinkle in his hazel eyes. A sober looking man sat with Hans. In the back seat were a man and his wife with their vivacious young daughter.

While the rest were stowing away wraps and luncheon, the attention of this girl, Grace, was drawn to the grandeur of the landscape. To the right was the hotel, a large, quaint old wooden structure, nestled among the tall redwood trees. Through the trees were the lofty Sierras, their canons still veiled in the morning mist. To the left was a wall of gigantic pines, which had stood for ages blending their mournful sighs. What could be more enchanting 'midst the twittering of the birds at dawn?

"Get up!" shouted Hans, and the four shining black horses, impatiently tossing their heads, anxious to be off, sprang forward, soon to ascend the mountains.

Emerging from the grove of trees about the hotel, fields of grain stretched out like green ribbons, till in the distance they met a waving white sea of prune blossoms in the rolling foothills, each ripple reaching higher and higher till it touched the azure sky.

"This air certainly is bracing and the view is just grand," began Mrs. Sales. "Beyond words," put in her stout neighbor on the right. He began to hum. The lank fellow listened. What could it be? N-o-

Y-e-s, it was "California." "And we'll rough house old Stanford till she—," He tried to tune up. He looked across the fields. Finally he got it. "Down in the country of the Cardinal." "I say," he broke in, "I am a fellow from Stanford, I suppose you must be a fellow from Berkeley," "That I am. Shake hands, old boy." So they reached across the back of the seat and clasped hands.

"Well, if I am not the luckiest, to get in with two college chaps. Now I want to know," she added punching the Berkeley fellow until he almost jumped, "something about these schools. Now, I never could understand how Berkeley, such a large school, could ever let herself be beaten by Stanford, and the state school, too. I'd be abashed."

"We won three or four games in succession," explained the Stanford man. "We won the Rugby game, too. You know this Rugby game is quite an idea. It's worth any man's money to see. I can't understand how we always win—but we do. It's quite an honor you know."

"You play in the team, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Sales.

"O yes," he answered, "I play in the team. But I'll confess I haven't made as good a record as I might." Having spoken he glanced slyly at the Berkeley man.

Bert had been listening. He bore a look of calm satisfaction, but his heart swelled with pride, for he knew that old "U. C" had always played to do herself credit. But what was the use of explaining!

Grace, meantime, was looking back over the zigzag road they had been traveling. To her there was a fascination in the moss-grown stumps and broken-rail fences, on which perched the larks as they sang their greetings. They passed great clusters of poppies, emblems of the dear old Golden State. She thought: "Well did the Spaniards name them, when they called them 'cups of gold'."

Bang! The horses plunged in their terror. Hunters had done the harm. Although it was up grade the horses fairly flew, when woe—the sober man's hat blew off and was left in the dust behind. "John, I told you

to hold to your hat. It's the last you've got!' screamed Mrs. Sales. "O dear, what can be done?" By this time the team was subdued. "I'll give anyone five dollars that will go and get that hat. It's the last he's got and we can't afford to get another." Allen, the Stanford man, jumped out, recovered the lost article, returned it to Mr. Sales and politely declined a reward.

Having no other accidents, the company reached a picturesque spot on the mountain side and partook of their delicious luncheon. The group then parted, each wandering where he chose. Grace went alone, and seating herself on a great boulder, surrounded by the glories of California mountain scenery, she sang softly a song that she loved. She was, however, wholly unconscious that the two college boys had climbed into a tall tree to listen to her sweet notes.

The afternoon passed all too soon, and before long the merry party were descending the mountain at a great speed. The coach lurched into a rut, the occupants were bounced up and down, back and forth. Both college boys bumped into Mrs. Sales, and as they were settling back, they launched into another rut. "Mr. Hans, if you don't cease driving into such holes I'll get my hat pin to work," said Mrs. Sales. Peal after peal of merry laughter floated out on the evening air, from the coach as it whirled along down the mountain side.

After dinner in the hotel that evening, the guests were gathered in the parlor when Grace was asked to give some music. The boys, much to her suprise, asked for the song of the afternoon. Grace rested her fair brow on her slender hand a moment. Her thoughts ran back to the scene of that song, a little valley on the east side of which stood a solitary mountain range, like a wall

of defence. From the base, spreading westward, was a level plain like the prairie lands of the Mississippi. Across it flowed a winding river, and from it rose the hills, rolling one after another, farther and farther toward the mighty Pacific. Standing out before all the rest was dear old Knob Hill, where stood Petaluma High School in all her majesty. There were the bright faces and ringing laughter of the students. There too. was seen Miss Perkins, the English teacher, standing before her class, as did Ichabod of yore, her maxim being: "Teach the child the thing you ought, and when he is gone 'twill be forgot.'' There Miss Watkins, with her cheery smile, flitted through the halls like a college girl, but was strictly ready for business at nine. There was die deutsche Lehrerin Fraulein Sweed with her "Aller Anfang ist schwer aber Uebung macht den Meister." There was the highly respected Prof. Passmore; the sweet toned Singer; the happy smiling Way; and the demure Miss Daniel bending over some herbs and flowers. With a far-away look in her eyes, Grace raised her head and softly played the opening bars. Her clear soprano voice rang and re-echoed through the old inn. It raised the spirit of the boys, who joined in the chorus, until all took up the strain: "I will sing with delight of the Purple and the White. Of Petaluma High." L. E. B.

Reception for New Students

The annual reception for new students, given by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, was held in Wood-Mar Hall Saturday evening.

October 4th. The guests were received at the door by the presidents of the associations and then given slips on which were the names that each person was to assume for the evening. These names were divided into family groups such as the Hay family, the Black family, etc., each family running from grandpa down to baby. After each one had found his or her family, charades were given by each group.

The library and hall were beautifully decorated with

vine maple, pampas grass and woodbine.

After refreshments, which consisted of punch and wafers, all departed for home feeling better acquainted.

P. M. G. A.

It is gratifying to note the interest in Y. M. C. A. work this year. With nearly all of last year's students back, and the new men, who are evincing a good interest in Y. M. C. A. work, this is sure to be a good year in that line. The new men "look good," and with their additional help, we shall expect to do some real work.

Delbert Replogle, who did such efficient work in planning the two socials already held, has been chosen as regular chairman of the Social committee. Ellis Pickett will act as chairman of the Extension committee, taking the place of Prescott Beals who was unable to return to P. C. this year. Meade Elliott is another member of the cabinet who is not in school yet, but we hope to see him later at P. C.

The first meeting of the year was held October 1. Short talks on the year's work in P. C. were given by Olin Hadley, Emmet Gulley and Rae Langworthy.

Guy Needham was present at Y. M. meeting October 1, and remained the rest of the day, conferring with students on the year's work.

The annual stag mix was held on Friday evening, September 26. A large bon fire had been prepared near the gymnasium, around which the men gathered. After a rousing game of "hot-hand" and other sports of like nature, refreshments were served. Short talks by Harry Haworth, Pres. Pennington and Prof. Hawkins ended the evening's festivities.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting on October 8 was in charge of the Bible Study committee. Walter H. Wilson gave a short talk on the importance of the Bible Study work—the core, the mainspring of the Y. M. C. A. movement. At the close of the service several or the fellows indicated their intention of joining one of the classes this semester. Two courses are to be offered—one in the text, "Social Significance of the Teachings of Jesus," and the other, "The Manhood of the Master."

At the Y. M. meeting October 15, after a few remarks by Elliott, chairman of the membership committee, the finance committee took charge and Emmet Gulley presented the financial needs of the association for the year. No charge is made for membership in the local organization, but the money is raised by voluntary subscription, \$52.00 being raised at that time. However, the regular Y. M. C. A. card entitling bearer to privileges in other Y. M. C. A. organizations, is issued only to those subscribing at least \$1.00.

Rev. C. O. Whitely and Mr. Hocket, from Salem, visited the Y. M. C. A. meeting on October 15.

15

B. W. C. A.

A "get acquainted" reception was given September 29, at 4 p. m. by the Y. W. C. A. in the association room. The room was decorated in autumn leaves and roses. After the cabinet girls were assured that every girl had met every other girl in school, apples and salted almonds and peanuts were served.

The opening meeting was led by the president, Elma Paulsen. The subject was "The Object of the Y. W. C. A."

September 8, the thoughts of the girls were taken back to the time of the summer conference and to the seashore at Gearhart. What was really evperienced by two of the girls, Myrtle Mills and Hazel Paulsen, was enjoyed by all the girls in the Y. W. C. A. meeting.

The membership committee led the meeting October 15 in the form of a "Question Box." This proved to be one of the most interesting meetings of the month. It was also one of the best attended, there being fifty-three present.

Mrs. Hockett, from Salem, visited Y. W. C. A. October 15.

Preps Entertain

The second year Academy class entertained the Academy Freshies, October 10. They were treated in true Freshman style and after Miss Mary Pennington had won the prize for getting away with her bowl of bread and milk first, they felt more at home in the Academy cirle.

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Published Monthly during the college year by the Student Body of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon.

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With this issue an almost new staff takes up its duties. We ask for a continuance of the splendid support given the Crescent by the Student Body heretofore. Every person in P. C. ought to feel a responsibility for the Crescent, and do all within his power to make it all which it should be. With the largest Student Body for several years, and increased financial support, the Crescent this year ought to be better than ever before.

Birthday Celebration

On Monday evening, October 6, just following glee club practice, the regular order of events at the dormitory was changed for about an hour, while the "inmates" carried out a well-planned surprise on Olin C. Hadley, to remind him that the preceding Saturday was his "steenth" birthday. The mob gathered quietly in the parlor and a messenger was dispatched for "Olie" who came down in fear and trembling, wondering what new thing had been found out about him and his pranks. Just as he entered the room resigned to whatever might be in store, the storm broke and the "reminding" began. Was "Olie" surprised? Well, perhaps you had better ask him. Cocoa and sandwiches were served. after which the company was entertained by Miss Henrietta Welch, Prof. Hawkins and Mr. Allen. As to "Olie's" age it was not divulged, but the records show that he has been at P. C. almost as long as some of the specimens in the museum. While we hate to see him grow old, yet we all join in wishing him "many happy Cub. returns."

Social by Ladies Auxiliary

The Ladies Auxiliary of the college gave a reception for the students and friends of Pacific, Friday evening, October 17. After the guests had tried the "thee thou" language for a short time an interesting program was given consisting of music by the Hulls, readings by Miss Weitman and Prof. Hawkins and selections by the Glee Club and male quartet. Rev. Whitely then called Clarence Edwards and wife to the platform and reminded them that they had been married just twenty years. They were then united in the holy bonds for another twenty years. Immediately following, large bunches of grapes were found waiting for all who wished to partake.

Athletics

Football prospects are more encouraging this year than ever before. Judging from the number of men out for practice every night and the spirit shown in scrimmage, Pacific should turn out a winning team—one of which the Student Body could have no cause to be ashamed.

In spite of the facts that we had no team last year and that some of the most promising men were late in registering, Coach Hawkins is working hard to make up for lost time, and is well pleased with the showing so far. He is depending on fast, snappy ball and an aggressive team rather than weight. One practice game has been played already with the High School and it is hoped that there will be several more as they should serve a double purpose in helping to strengthen the weak points in both teams.

New men in school this year are Miles and Bates from Salem High School; George and Brown from Newberg High. Of the men who have helped Pacific win before, Benson, Replogle, Elliott and Pickett will be in the game again. Manager Benson has scheduled games with Chemawa, Pacific University, Columbia and possibly Albany College.

The adoption by the college board of the "Student Affairs Fee" will tend to increase the attendance at all athletic events and affairs given by the student body.

COLUMBIA 17—PACIFIC 0

In the first game of the season Pacific met defeat at the hands of the Columbia University eleven from Portland. Columbia excelled in teamwork and averaged about five pounds more to the man while P. C. showed

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lack of practice and made several costly fumbles.

Pacific received the kick off and the first quarter ended without a score and with the ball on our thirty yard line. In the next quarter Columbia made a place kick and the first half ended 3 to 0.

Two touchdowns were made in the third quarter. A fumble and a misdirected forward pass were recovered and resulted in 14 more points for the visitors in both instances, a Columbia man running half the length of the field for a touchdown.

Neither team scored during the fourth quarter and the game ended 17 to 0 in favor of the visitors. For Pacific Miles, Colcord and George played a good game.

Our next game will be with the Chemawa Indians October 24.

The line up:

Pacific		Columbia
Edwards	c	Kurtz
Capt. Benson	rgl	Philbin
Pickett-Dann	rt1	Haymaker
Replogle	re1	Niles
Haworth	lgr	
Bates	ltr	Kelly
George	ler	O'Brien
Colcord	q	Capt. St. Marie
Elliott	rh1	Phelan
Butt	lhr	Block
Miles	f	Moose

Time of quarters 12, 12, 12, 12.

Referee—Slater. Umpire—Krause. Head linesman Langworthy.

Locals

Signal—14, 31,—"Signal!!"
Signal—Ends out, 15, 33, 21, 97, 110—

When the end comes around does the half back 'im?

The organization of a Mixed Glee Club has finally been effected and regular practice begun. Persons desiring to join should appear at the college music room on Monday evenings at 7 o'clock, sharp!

Rev. Charles Pearson came from Tillamook October 2 for a few days visit with his son Paul who is in school.

The Northwest secretary of the I. P. A., L. R. Phillips, spoke in chapel October 13, in the interests of the prohibition work and at a meeting of the local association immediatly following chapel thirteen new members were added to the roll. Considering the fact that the state contest is to be held here this year (probably in March) the students should give the local association their hearty support.

Fourteen girls have decided to try Prof. Johnson's "beautifier" and have signed up for basket ball two nights per week. Jennie DeBord and Della Pearson are managers for the college and academy teams respectively.

Dr. Drake, corresponding secretary for the International Purity Society, addressed the student body Oct. 20.

At a student body meeting October 16, Emmett W. Gulley was elected yell leader for the vear after a severe testing of his qualifications for office. The responsibilities of the debate management for this year will fall upon Harry H. Haworth. In anticipation of the annual Halloween social, Erma D. Heacock and Rae S. Langworthy were appointed heads of a special committee.

Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Cash and Milo P. Elliott were visitors at chapel October 14. Mr. Cash will be remembered by several of the students as a former pastor of the Friends church.

A general history student is responsible for this statement on his quiz paper, "Shakespeare's father was a common pheasant."

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hockett, of Salem, were Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. visitors October 15. Mrs. Hockett is pastor of the Highland Friends church, and Mr. Hockett is a musician and choir leader.

Rae S. Langworthy has been elected editor-in-chief of the Crescent with E. W. Gulley as his assistant.

Rev. Chas. O. Whitely, pastor of the Friends church, lett for Richmond, Indiana, October 19 to attend the regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Five Years Meeting of Friends. Incidentally he will visit his parents also.

Tokes

If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

Subscriber-"Please send me your paper for a week back."

Busy Editor—"You had better try a porous plaster."

"Ha! I will fool the blood-hounds yet," cried the fugitive, as he slipped on a pair of rubbers and erased his tracks.

Cicero and Burke probably little thought they were coining slang terms for the use of future generations. Cicero:-"Mihi crede"-"Believe me." "O immortales di!"-"O, you immortal gods!" "Mehercule!"-"Heavens!" Burke:-"We have been touched."

Teacher-"Who can give me a sentence with the word grewsome in it?

Little Willie-"I can; the man stopped shaving and grewsome whiskers."

"I wonder how that poor jeweler manages to live? He never has any customers."

"Perhaps he eats the carats off his diamonds."

Teacher-"What is the letter next to "H" in the alphabet?"

Pupil—"Dunno."

Teacher-"What have I on both sides of my nose?" Pupil-"Freckles, m'am."

Olie: "What have you been doing this evening, Gullev?"

Gulley: "Running a vacuum cleaner and I milked a

cow."

Olie: "With the vacuum cleaner?"

Prof. M. (in Physical Geography) "What are the holes in limestone rock called?"

H. W. "Sink-holes."

Prof. M. "Then what are they called when half filled with water?"

H. W. "Mud-puddles."

Notice to P. C. students: Please be respectful in your attitude toward the order of the exchanges on the shelves in the library.

We welcome the following exchanges this first month of the new school year and desire for you the pleasure of success in your journalistic undertakings for the coming year.

Aerolith, Plymouth H. S., Wis.: This paper contains a very interesting description, in easy German verse, of the beauties of our Western Oregon scenery.

The Orderly, Hill Military Academy, Portland. The Nautilus, Washington, Illinois. Oracle, H. S. Winfield, Kansas. Reed College Quest, Portland. Emerald, U. of O., Eugene. Weekly Index, P. U., Forest Grove. University Life, Wichita, Kansas.

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